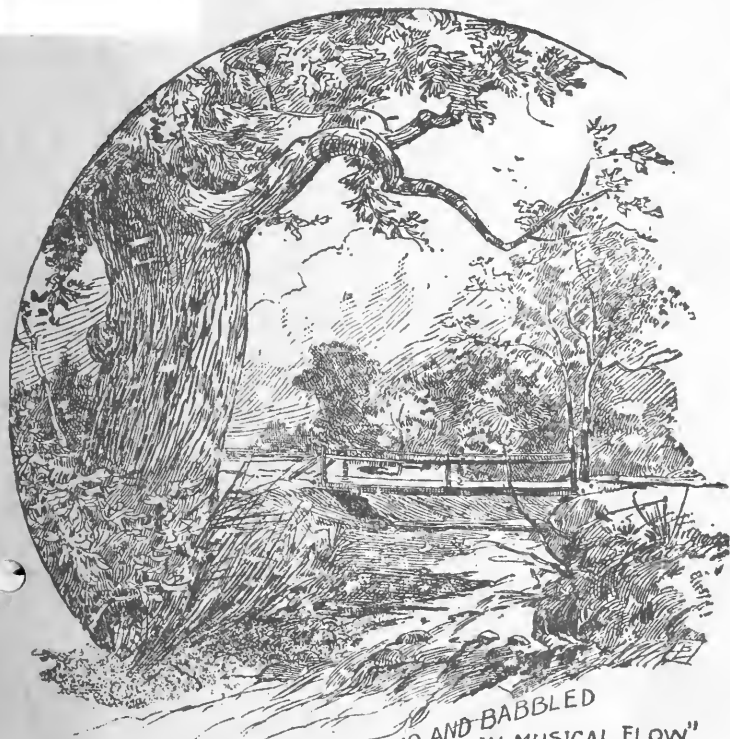


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"AS IT GURGLED AND BABBLED  
IN MUSICAL FLOW"

An

Idyl

\*\*\* of the **BROOK**

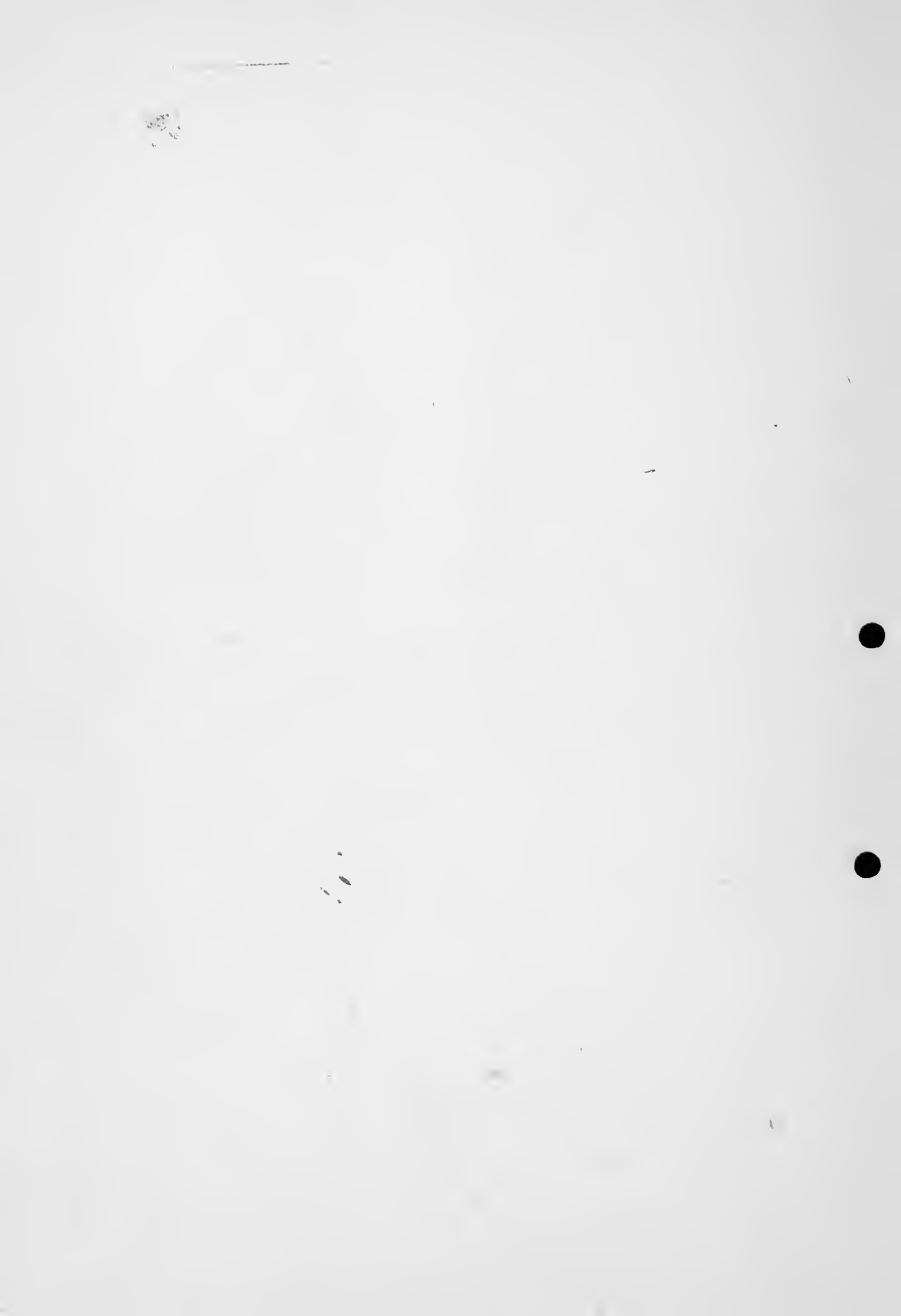
.. BY ..

AUGUSTA WHITLOCK

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FOSTER ROE & CRONE

. . AN . .

# Idyl of the Brook

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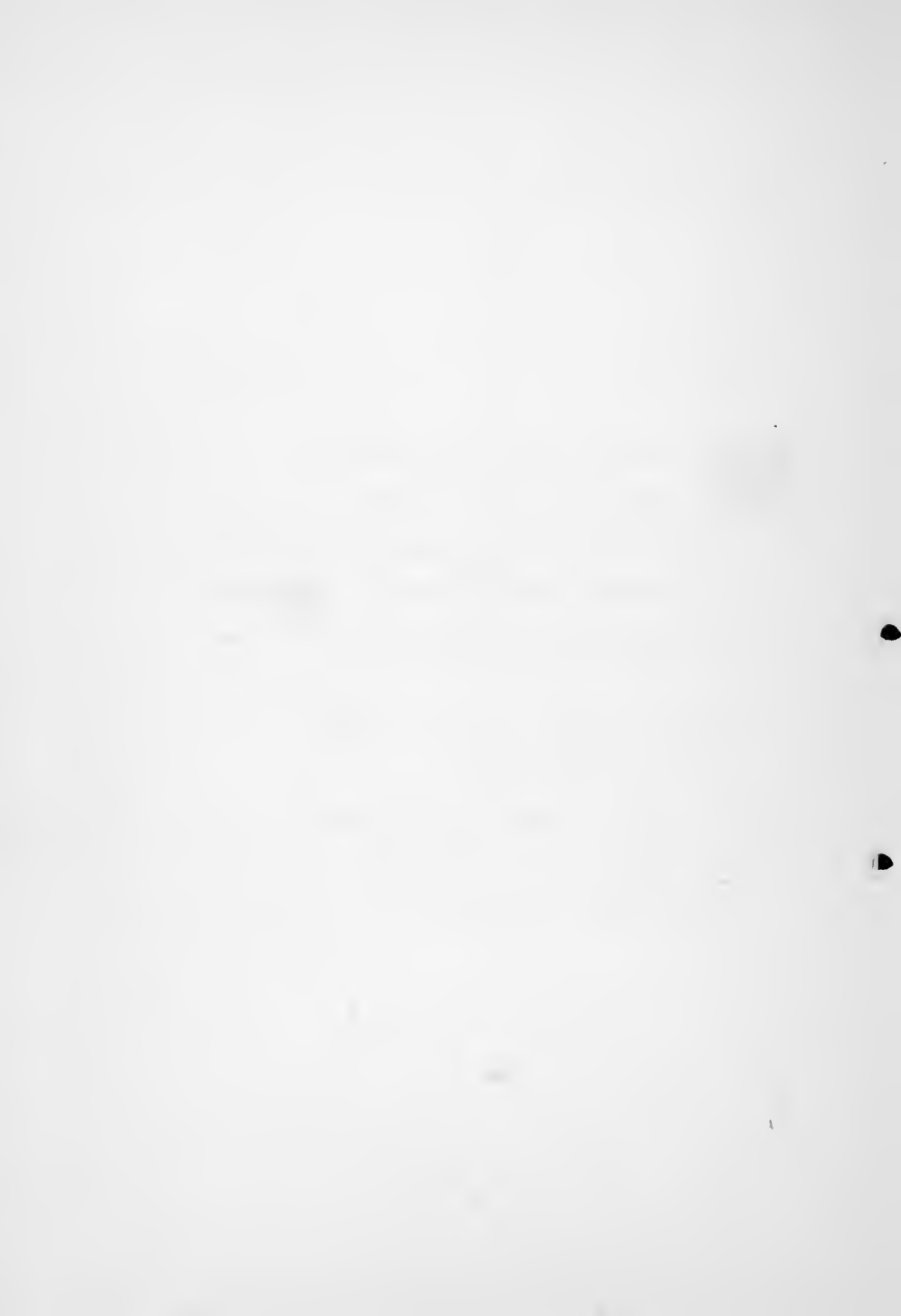
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## Dedication

To you, my friends, with the Season's greetings, I dedicate my "Idyl of the Brook," and hope that it will find a place in your hearts.

I have not touched the *best*, but I have done  
*my* best . . . . .

A. W.







wandered to-day to the hill below,  
And sat by a silvery stream  
As it gurgled and babbled in musical flow,  
All flecked with the sunlight's golden glow,  
And the shadows that danced between ;

It sang to me part of a symphony sweet  
I had heard in the long ago ;  
When to me as a child, the rarest treat  
Was to dangle at will my naked feet  
In the streamlet's limpid flow.



'Then to spatter and toss the water bright,  
And laugh at the foaming spray  
As it fell in a shower of silver white,  
All flashing with rainbow colored light  
Just caught from the King of Day.

The autumn winds sighed thro' the leafless wood;  
Not a sad and dismal strain,  
But in peaceful, quiet, tender mood,  
And these were the words--'The Lord is good,'  
While the Brooklet caught the refrain.



As it wandered on—in its fair, young breast

Hope whispered—‘ Soon thou shalt be  
Sleeping so sweet with thy head at rest  
On the bosom of him who loves thee best—  
Thy bonny lover—the Sea.’

“ Who told thee of Love, little Brooklet, so sweet? ”

“ Oh, once from the far off blue

“ A messenger came—’twas the Zephyr so fleet

“ With words low and tender, he knelt at my feet,

“ And this was the message so true :

It is a very old and well known fact  
that the human mind is not a blank  
slate, but is filled with ideas and  
concepts from birth. This is the basis  
of all learning and development.

The human mind is a complex  
organ, and its functions are not  
fully understood. It is the source  
of all knowledge and creativity.  
The mind is a powerful tool, and  
it is the key to human progress.

“‘I am waiting my Love by the beautiful gate,

“‘Where the river flows over the lea,

“‘If you are my true-love, my heart’s dearest mate

“‘Oh come when you will, you cannot be too late,

“‘From your faithful lover— the Sea.’”

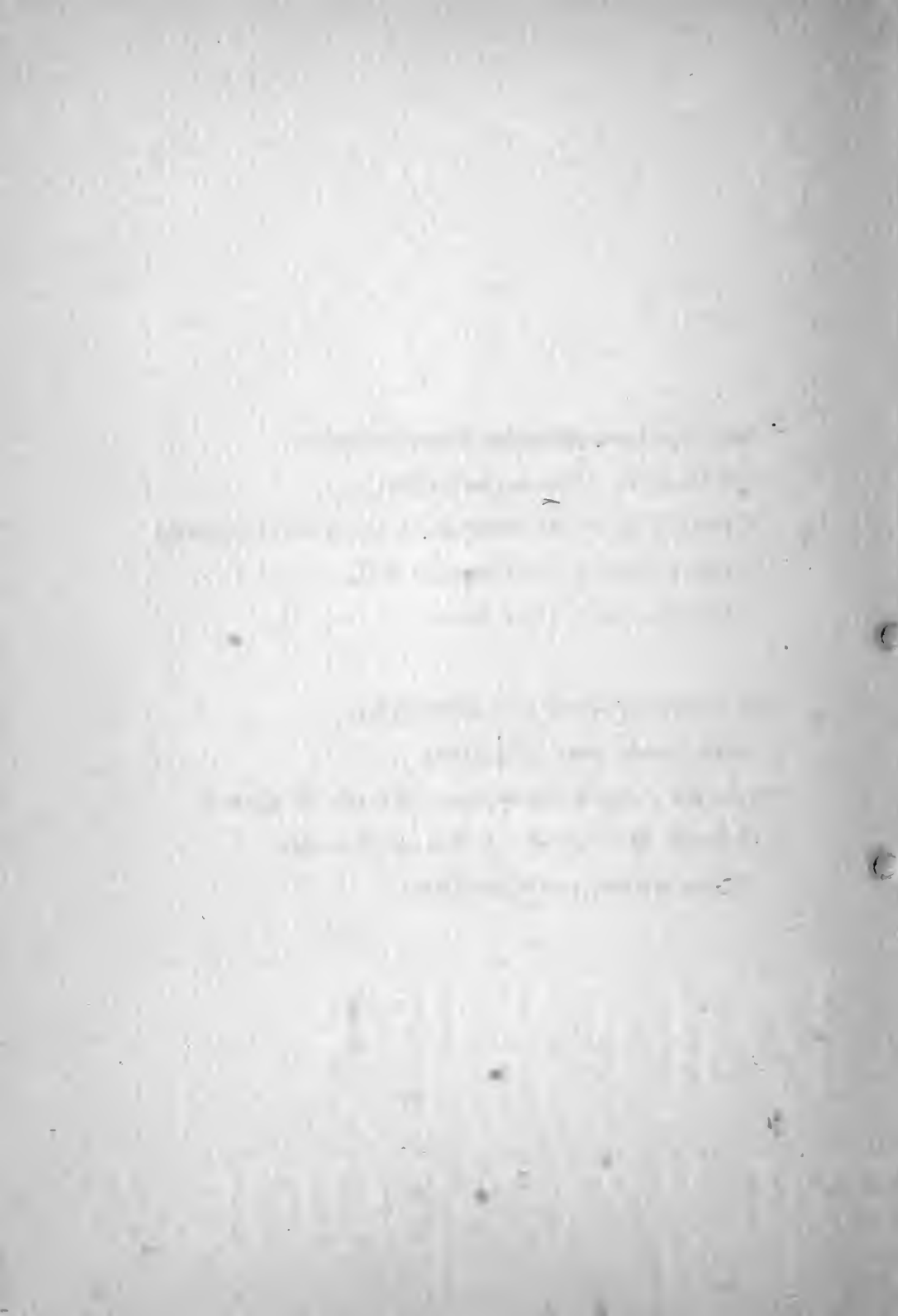
“Then I sent him a token, a lock of my hair,

“‘Twas a part of myself, do you see?

“The messenger bore it to him with great care

“And now I am sure he is waiting me there

“In that land far away, o’er the lea.





“And now I am going my lover to find,—  
“The great, wide, sounding Sea;  
“Will they deem me immodest? the world is unkind  
“Because that my lover *I* go to find,  
“For he cannot come to *me*.”

Her beautiful breast and shining hair  
With jewels were all a gleam,  
So I said, “Little Brook, have you one to spare?  
“I should like a gem;” with a smile as rare  
As the parting sun’s last beam—



"O take them," she cried, "for my lover bold

"Is rich in the wealth of the sea,

"He will deck me with jewels more precious than gold,

"More beautiful far than you've ever been told,

"Of every variety.

"The Sea-nymphs are weaving a dress for me

"Of that deep, sea-tinted blue,

"Embroidered in gems from the mines of the Sea—

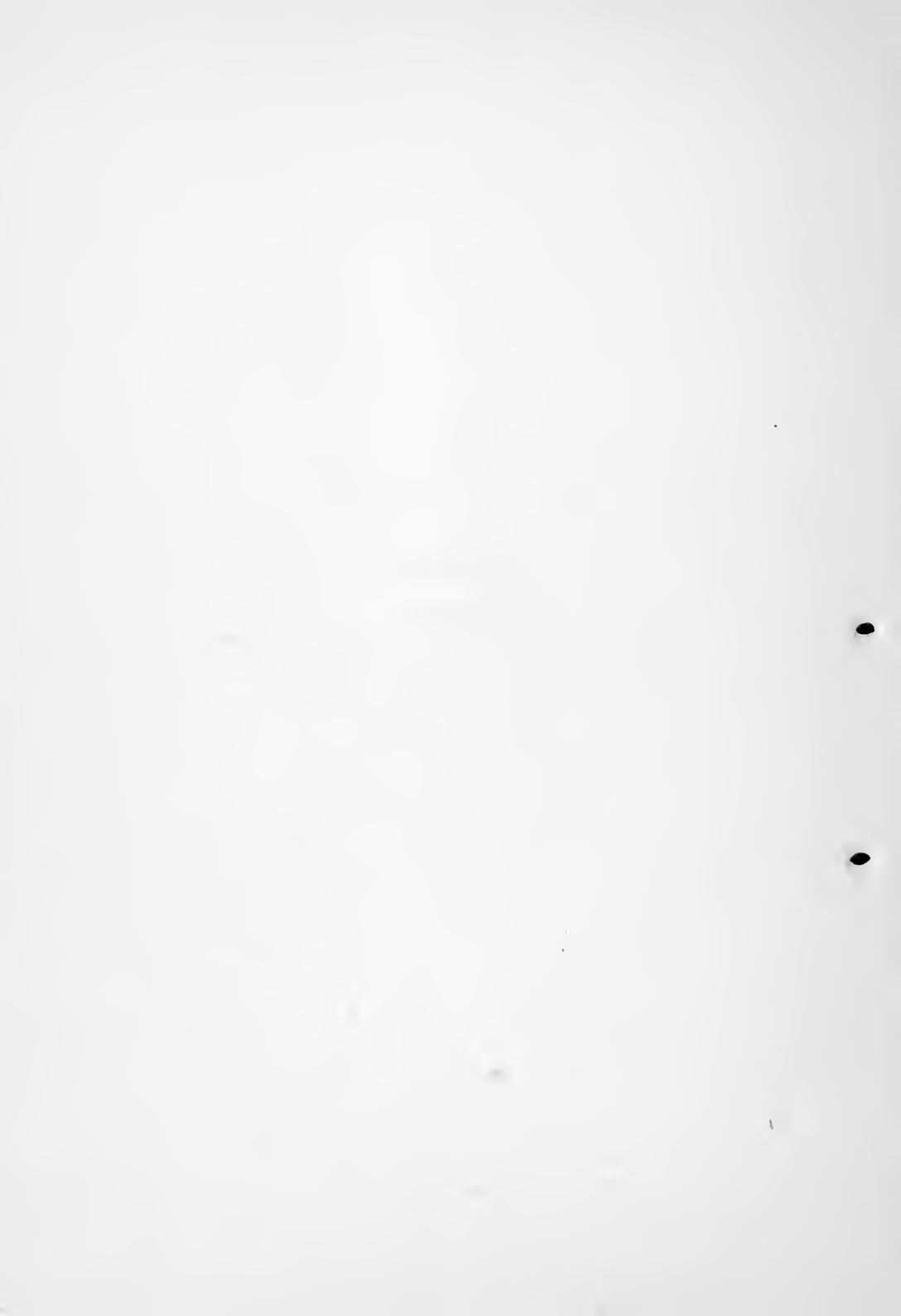
"The royal gift of my lover to me—

"And mosses of every hue."



Thus she chatted and sang, of her lover fair,  
And went murmuring on her way ;  
And I watched her, so happy and free from care,---  
With the jewels agleam on her bosom bare ;—  
And I thought as I turned away,

Ah ! Youth is hopeful and Love is blind,  
And I trust that thy lover, the Sea,  
Prove as loyal and worthy, as loving and kind  
As the faithful lover thou'rt going to find,  
In thy trusting innocence.



NEARLY READY  
FOR  
THE PRESS

“Chimes of the Bells”

AND OTHER POEMS

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